THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Mamma, to Gertrude.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Tell her although there was a time,
Her rose bloom'd on my cheek,
Would soothe my spirit, like the chime
Of angels' harps at night;
Yet tell her that the time is gone,
With storms cold winds and sin,
My wishing hour flieth come at last
And I again am free.

I've gazed and worshipped on her face
With feelings as divine
As those with which a saint might trace,
Some holy relic's shrine,
And when her fingers swept the strings,
Methinks I hear them now,
I'm stood as mute, as if the wings
Of angels fanned my brow.

Tell her, for her, I would have died,
My passion to have proved,
Toward fortune, friends and fame aside —
Any, tell her that I loved.
But tell her though the love I felt
Was passionate and blind,
'Twas not at beauty's shrine I knelt
But at the shrine of mind.

But since I've found 'twas all a dream,
A passing mood, a vision gone
I may not sigh again,
I'll place the thing my fancy drew,
My spirit's shrine upon
And where I knew my heart shall bow
And breathe its vows.

Northport, Me.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Sonnets.

BY EDWARD J. POSTER

To a Lady.

The glow of youth is on that lovely brow,
Its springtide in thy bright blue eye is keeping
For a festival,—an earliest summer hour
Upon that damask cheek, while softly creeping
Across the dark locks' pale, that graceful flow
Over a neck fair as the unsullied snow,
I caught with the fragrance Spring's young flowers to
waken
Deep vessels mother's coldness' lukewarm breath.
Fresh beauties! sense with gentleness requiring,
And rare beneath sickness's lake seems sleeping,
Were memory sweet her silent wand to wave,
And blighted hopes and ruin still her sadness,
Save Love his plighted vow, and Truth her oath,
And broken love and charity so cheerly wishing.

To Misfortune.

Thy frowns I heed not, howsoever dark
Thy visage may be, or thy stormy brow
Whereon a smile was never known to show,
Now sober, with captured bosom, thou could st mark
The dread destruction which thy coming brings,
Overwhelmed to thee, misfortune as the lonar
Of Life's tempestuous sea — you heard its roar
In the triumphal song, when the last spark
Of the hope fled, long I had forgotten ere she took
Her farewell glance, and with a piercing shriek —
That thrills the heart and freezes the cold blood,
The nothing horrors of despair invokes —
Yet, though on my head the vials of vexation fall,
I've steeled my heart to brave and scorn them all.

Sonnet—To Mrs. ——.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Rinds tong of beauty, in the fairest form
But then, who prize it, brightest stars might seek
In vain to copy upon The external cheek.
The, like the cloth of morning-blushing glimmers
Thou passest the loveliness of mere show.
But never had the sun, in his bright course
Pure and transparent as the violets hue.
Streaming in light from out thine eloquent eyes—
Thy picture grace or in the light tinsells
Of earth into thee. Here, for the spirit shines
With steps as airy as the sighed-about
And into the space of The beauty's spot.
Thou wert a woman from the hour of worship There!
I could thee, have let the power—in Thine eye me.

Philada. July, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Seminole's Welcome.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE

Hark! low at the hammock the trampling of men,
Thro bay of the bloodhound, and sight of the glen!
The dropping of death-shots now quick and then slow,
And wildfire and smoke the chasm of the foe!

Back—back to your covert—thou'rt hunted like the roebuck,
Their banners are flashing, hell hid through the green;
Though their numbers are more than the leaves of the wild
We'll sweep them before us, like leaves in a gale.

They are on—they halt—with a shout they are here,
Ye, where is the coyness that trembled in fear?
Will our hammocks ascends as the word we'll defy—
They've sought us, and found us, and we will not fly.

Like a storm from the mountains they sweep to the light,
Like a cliff in the valley we'll shower their might—
The green turf beneath us shall redden with gore
We'll stroke for their graves, for our homes, and our land!

Let the hammer come on,—we shall meet him, nor flee—
We will conquer or perish, and die where we be!
Though our homes may be theirs, they shall carve on our
graves,
"You few to be foemen, too proud to be slaves!"

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Minister's Daughter.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh! Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

And never her cheek, whose bloom is fled
So beautiful and loved,
As of the being of her dear bed shed
In final and fallen leaf,
Which summer's ground can not clasp
Shall never wake again.

ANON.

It was a lovely evening in autumn, and the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the shadows upon the landscape, when a solitary traveller was seen wending his way down the road which led into the beautiful little village of ——. On the right side of the road lay the village church, embosomed in trees, adjoining it was the parsonage, over which entrance the prominence and woodbine clambered, clustering and beautifully mingled, and still arranged garden encompassed it, which bespoke the taste of its inmates. Harriet Loring was the minister's daughter.

The traveller reined up his horse opposite the parsonage; the door opened, and the pastor stood from it. Accompanying to the hall-seats and sweet stranger the fashions of the north-and-a-hand, he welcomed him cordially, and together they entered the house.

Willam Elliott and Harriet Loring had been schoolmates together; they had been playmates among the meadows to chase the gaudy butterfly, or gather the curly flowers of spring time; and together they had wandered by the margin of the river which skirted the village, to muse upon the glorious stars which were mirrored on its calm and cheerful bosom at even. Many years had passed, and had grown to maturity, and it was not until they knew for parting scenes, that they discovered how immensely dear they had become to each other.

Indeed none could know Harriet Loring without loving her. Methinks that the graceful figure, arrayed in simple white, with the dark brown hair carefully parted from off her high and expanded forehead, and falling in a rich profusion of curls down her well-formed neck,—her dark hazel eyes beaming with intelligence —her dimpled cheek whose hue might shame the color of the budding rose; the play of humor about her expressive mouth, and her whole face radiant with smiles. Oh! could you but have listened to the music of her voice, rivaling the soft breathings of the Eolian harp in its clear and silvery sweetness. She was the very impersonation of innocence and joy. And William Elliott was worthy of her love. Proud, noble, and generous, he loved her with all the confidence of heart, and willingly would he have laid down his life for her sake.

It was necessary for William Elliott that he should seek his fortune in a distant city. On the morning of his departure he had received his parents' blessing, and stopped at the parsonage to bid his betrothed farewell. The calmness of Harriet surprised him, for his own little stock of philosophy soon gave way. After exchanging mutual vows of love and constancy they parted. But it required all the fortitude of Harriet to bear up at parting. She had secret misgivings that, among the pleasures and dissipations of a large city, he would forget the simple country girl; and then her heart would choke her for thinking of such a thing. But Willam. She did not know that the heart that loves truly "can never love but one."

Years had rolled by and brought with them many changes. Harriet Loring had been stricken with the scourge of her family—Consumption. With unexpressible grief her father watched and beheld the first symptoms of the fatal disease. She fancied that she had taken a slight cold, but the unusual eye of her parent discovered in the hollow cough and hectic flush, the first approaches of the insidious foe. Though her father knew that her case was hopeless, he consolence, yet she was still beautiful—for her fine forehead was as white as alabaster, and her hazel eye shone with more than its wonted brilliancy—and the flush on her cheek and vermilion on her lips. her agony, a moment never escaped her lips. It appeared as if her soul was better fitted on earth for the companionship of Heaven.

The traveller who had entered the parsonage was William Elliott. Ten long, long years had passed since he had last crossed the threshold. He was shocked when he beheld the object of his love; and when she extended her thin, wan hand to welcome him, he could withstand no longer, but burst into tears. She told him how happy she was that he had come, for that she desired to see him before she died, until the green earth had closed over her.

He shuddered at a hope that she might recover, and that all yet would be well.

"Ah! William," said she, "do not attempt to deceive me, for I know too well that my poor frail body is fast wasting away. I know that before the flowers will bloom again, I shall be laid in the silent tomb: that they will bloom above my grave." He could not answer her.

The minister entered the room and they all knelt in prayer. The pastor prayed with that fervency which he had been good to afflict them: that if it was consistent with the divine will, his child might yet be spared to him; but that if otherwise ordered, they might bow with humble resignation to the awful decree: that He would make her bed easy for her: that she might gently sink to rest on the bosom of her Redeemer. The old man's feelings choked his utterance, the sobs of the mother and those of his daughter mingled with his own, and silence broke upon the solemn scene for a few minutes.

She forthwith gradually declined, and in a few short weeks we were called upon to convey the mortal remains of Harriet Loring to the tomb. They did so.

Philosophermay scoff at Death to they will, but it is a fearful thing to pass through the dark valley. There is an overwhelming shrinking from the cold pall, the bier. And dismay mournful in it, when the young and the beautiful are the victims of death. Overwhelmed to thee, misfortune as the lonar Of Life's tempestuous sea — you heard its roar In the triumphal song, when the last spark Of the hope fled, long I had forgotten ere she took Her farewell glance, and with a piercing shriek — That thrills the heart and freezes the cold blood, The nothing horrors of despair invokes — Yet, though on my head the vials of vexation fall, I've steeled my heart to brave and scorn them all.

The shades of evening were gathering around as we lowered the body into the grave. It was no time, and on the single sycamore which grew in the The north-and was stripping the trees of their foliage, and the great orchard which lay on the hill and withered leaves, which had so lately budded forth in gorgeous beauty, had all fallen to the earth, like the Hindoo widow, had put on her most beautiful garments, for the funeral pile. As I cast one last look into the grave, we knew that it was the last mortal part of her that we beheld, and that it should hold the remnants of the tomb, and be as it was. The sexton laid the sod, and left it to wear on the bosom of its God.

To the old man all earthly ties were now broken. His child had been the last remaining branch of his wasted tumbler, and he had suffered his lot for her to settle on his bosom, that the cold blast of the land of the spoiler had torn it thereon, it seemed as if he also had been smitten. Yet he bowed with humble submission, and with the affectionate remembrance of his flock, and wrote to him that he regretted to be released, that he might "die away and be at rest." On the following Sabbath he preached from that eloquent message in Job, "All the days of mine appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

Ere the fruits of another winter, the old sexton had resumed his daughter. Side by side they were laid. William Elliott returned to the city, but he continued to be erected once their touching place, having instructed on it for her last and only child. "Dust to earth, our mom shall be eternal."

William Elliott returned, changed into the world, and is now in old age, but he has never married. Often does he visit the village of ——, and where those he loved were laid, and latterly does he weep over the tombs of all that he once knew, or dearly beloved. He fancies that the faint whispering of the evening breeze is the voice of departed spirits inviting him to join them in that better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Philadelphia.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Charity.

Or the Reverend in Fortune.

BY WILLIAM BUTLER.

"Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

"Pure ye not unto the poor, and the needy."
Nor should sometimes with false pretensions

It was early in the evening, as Mrs. Saunders, and in her parlor, attended by the poor, in the contentation which wealth could procure, or luxury and fashion suggest. Suddenly a knock was heard at the front door, a servant answered the bell, and in a few minutes ushered into the presence of Mrs. Saunders a young girl, who was in the last stage of distress. Her attire, though clean, and well arranged, told of poverty, but every were evidently ill at ease, and the tears had scarce dried upon her cheek, while a melancholy contemplation of her situation which spoke the anguish of her heart. On first entering, the lady of the house supposed that the young girl was a common beggar, and for a moment she was inclined to order her from her presence.

"Madam," said the poor girl, but she could not proceed.

She spoke, child. What is your business with me? Why do you hesitate?" said Mrs. Saunders in a more mild tone, for she had observed the tear upon the girl, when she addressed.

"Madam, pardon me, my good girl," we are in extreme want, and I have come to ask assistance, Father and mother are sick at home with the fever, and there is nothing for them nor my poor little brothers and sisters to subsist upon, but charity.

Mrs. Saunders looked at her for a moment as if she would have driven her from her door, but then turning away with a half sneering laugh, she said,

"Oh, is that all? Well I never encourage beggars, there is a way for all to get along through the world. The more we give to such people the more we encourage them in idleness, and more of the poverty about which we have so much complaint! Why, child, you are a real novel I might be induced to give, but I will not encourage idleness," and with that she took out her purse, as if to show the girl the don't then, however, she might be induced to give her something. The girl's words had caused the poor girl's heart to sink within her, and she was about to leave the house.

My readers will doubtless condemn Mrs. Saunders, and probably in pretty strong terms, but let me say, that she was not a bad woman, but that she did not show just as many others would do, assume a false appearance of charity, when in reality they had none. Too many of us, I fear, are in the habit of giving to the poor, only when we are driven by importunity, but touch by example. Some allowances, however, is to be made for the manner in which Mrs. Saunders had been educated. She had never known want, and was therefore unable to appreciate the sufferings of the poor. She was taught to believe that all the stories which she had heard of poverty and distress were alle fabrications—that sickness in short was the origin of all poverty, and they whom lived from it unworthy of assistance.

Soon after the beggar girl had departed Mr. Saunders came in.

"Well, John," said he, as he closed the door after him, "I have brought you Bulwer's last novel."

"O, that is very kind, Charles," said she with the tenderness of heart, and willingly would he have laid down his life for her sake.

"Certainly, my dear, if such be your wish," said Charles with a smile, and so saying he commenced.

Charles had not read but a few chapters before Julia's pretty face was turned to evasion, and the former looked down for several minutes. Harry had made the volume, and drawing his young wife to his bosom, and brushing away the dark curls which fell in clusters from her forehead, he imprinted in their stead a fervent kiss.

"I've had a sad scene the real distress," said Charles, "about an hour since this evening, dear Julia, you would have been very sorry such *fiction*. But," he continued, "tell me who was the little girl I saw leaving the door, as I came up the street."

"It was some beggar girl," said Julia. "she came with a pitiful story, but you know we cannot believe these people."

"Indeed, dear," said Charles, assuming a more grave tone, "I had much rather you had given her something than to have turned her away. It is just as possible that it is so, as otherwise, and then, if you had assisted her, if *her story should prove to be true*, you would be correct, and it

SATURDAY POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to the large number of the subscribers to the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittance have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, commencement fair with the year. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall be sure of success if we get ahead.*

Criminal Apathy.

The atrocious murder of Miss Rogers, has now been a matter of wonder for a fortnight, and yet no discovery has been made, no clue obtained, respecting the perpetrators of this tragedy. An outrage which should fill the community with horror, and which should rouse every energy of the police into action, has been suffered to pass by with but little comparative comment, and no extraordinary investigation on the part of the ministers of the law. It is with shame we record the fact. It is with a blush for the apathy of those in power, both in New York and in New Jersey, that we say that not even a reward has been offered for apprehension of the murderer! Is life of so little value that its loss is unworthy of care? Was Mary Rogers so insignificant a person that no murder deserves no imputation at the hands of the law? God forbid! The humblest individual as well as the proudest citizen—the penniless girl as well as the rich maiden—is in his estimation—whoever to short has the likeness of the Maker's image, or breathes the breath of man, has a due to themselves, if not to the community, and, if murdered, their innocent blood cries aloud from the ground.

We can understand the reasons why the police officers are not as active in this matter as they should be—they know that the murderer is fled, and that search will not allow them to meet the costs of a pursuit and investigation carried on at a distance from their haunts. Hitherto they have defeated such expenses out of the rewards usually offered. And now, when "no man cometh" for this laudable end, when no reward is offered by the authorities, ministerial officers of justice will not, or cannot raise into the search with proper vigor. Let this be looked to—ask again—ask in the name of humanity, ask us for the sake of American justice—why is not this matter taken up with fitting energy, heart rewarded offered, a rigid investigation commenced, and all the engineers of the police set on foot at once!

But, for our parts, although public opinion seems to be in favor of the flight of the murderers, we see no evidence as yet developed to warrant any such conclusion. A fearful mystery envelopes the whole transaction. The victim left her home alone—she was not heard of for days—and then her body was accidently discovered near Hoboken, half buried in the rude material, bushes, shrubbery, and dead wood. This is all which as yet known of this transaction. Let think not it will go unavenged. There is a God, above us, without whose will not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and, let us be assured, he will not suffer this fearful deed to pass unpunished. The right hand crime will still be known. Yet no mortal is to be looked for to reveal the murderer. Man will be the agent to the most signal instrument of its detection. Since then it is left to us, let us lose no time, but begin at once.

The spot, where the investigation should commence, is the city of New York. The murderer must probably resided there, disguised in his variety, and *perhaps* accompanied her to Hoboken—we say *perhaps*, because we are by no means convinced, *that the murderer had place on that fatal morning*, in the body, if there is in the New York side, might be found by the tide across the river. We are unenlightened on the subject, by the fact, that the person of the victim, from its lowliness, was well known about the city, and it does not appear as yet, that any one saw her in the form of her or Hoboken, or saw where on the Jersey shore. She must then, either have not crossed the river, or have crossed it in a small boat, and if in the latter consequence, in company with one or more persons of the other sex. Who hired a small boat on that day? Can any one, on hiring, be identified or acquainted with Mary Rogers? Who the new on board was whereto at sea? Who *first discovered* the body? Where were the persons who were attending this discovery? These, and a hundred other questions should be answered, and that some clue at length would be obtained. Then let push forward the inquiry would be answered, until success would ascertained. If the investigation is put into the hands of some thoroughly competent person, possessed of a energetic character and an analytical mind, and if that person is furnished with money and agents to carry on his inquiries thoroughly, we have no more doubt, than that we are writing these paragraphs, that the murderer or murderers will eventually be brought to light. We should—if such an inquiry was in our hands—first acquaint ourselves with the whole past life of Mary Rogers, in order to ascertain who could have had a motive—for every murderer has a motive—to perpetrate this act. And in the second place we would rigidly search the circumstances attending the discovery of the body, and her actions on that day. Let some such enquiry be set on foot and conducted with vigor and acuteness. But some all be a fitting reward be offered to sharpen the proceedings of the officers of justice.

Sub-Treasury Law Repealed.

On Monday, as will be seen on reference to the Congressional proceedings, the bill repealing the Sub-Treasury, passed the House, and is now before the President for signature. The vote was 134 to 67.

Amusement Monsters.

We have heard the story of the Count Sudgwick's late work, with one of her remarks—it is the following: "An American bred in the best nobility in his own land does not feel any more than he ought to the superiority of rank in another. The distinctions of rank are so vague and incompatible in him, and the importance of it so puzzled child in his first studies on the globe." This is prettily expressed, and applicable to some cases, but it is a superficial one generally. In many respects with the majority of the well bred and highly cultivated in the country, there is no apparent display of superiority. But there are exceptions to this rule. We have, also, at watering places and similar assemblies, given to exaggerate distinctions between fashionable and others—distinctions too, not created by the only intervening fortune, intellect—but by fortune, or the mistake of fortune. Then, for example, let us look at Philadelphia. The eminent even in our own city—we mean eminent in the State Senate. Harrisburg majority in the country but full exercised seven hundred. There were two Whig candidates, Sherwood and Floyd—rumors have elected the Whig ticket. In Franklin and Dauphin it is defeated. The two latter counties gave small majorities for Harrison, but had been Van Buren counties.

Fayette county has elected one Whig and one Democrat to the Legislature.

Clark county has elected the entire Democratic ticket.

In Wayne county there are two Democrats elected, one Whig, one Anti-Masonic and one Democratic Senator elected.

In Union county two Whig representatives; in Henry two Whig Representatives; in Randolph one Democrat; and in Jay and Adams one Democrat.

Rush county has elected two Whig representatives.—In Hancock two Democrats are elected. In Marion county, Wm. R. Brown is said to be elected.

In Shelby county, Lemuel Jeffries and Wm. Lowe were successful by large majorities.

In Campbell county a Whig has succeeded in displacing the Democratic member of the Legislature.

In the Senatorial district opposite Cincinnati, owing to the passage of two opposition candidates, it is supposed that a Whig has succeeded.

A letter in the Globe, from Lexington, dated Aug. 3, says: "At the election in Fayette, on the 1st inst., Wm. Gay (Whig) had been guarded on Wurtzlitz, (Dem.) but is still one hundred and two votes behind, and the Democrats have no hope of his election. He will, I think, lose him are two hundred votes."

Kentucky.—The Whig and Democratic parties of this territory are at length in the field, with the lines drawn strictly, and the respective candidates for Territorial delegate announced—Gov. Dodge to the Democratic nominee, J. E. Arnold the Whig.

The Disputed Territory.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick has lately directed the Commissioner of Lands, Mr. Owen, residing at St. John, to visit all the Indian settlements on the river Saint John, for the purpose of obtaining correct information in regard to the number of Indians in that St. In compliance with this order he proceeded as far as Lake Temiscouata, and while at Temiscouata, Capt. Nelson, of the British Naval Engineers, arrived there express from Quebec, with instructions to put the various fortifications there into a complete state of defence. Capt. Nelson, in an efficient state of defence, without delay. Mudge proof defences around the barracks of Temiscouata were immediately commenced by Capt. Nelson, and proceeded to the Depôt and the Little Falls at the mouth of the Madawaska river, where a new and very strong block-house is in course of erection. Capt. Nelson remained at the Little Falls to superintend the completion of the block-house and dispatched Lieut. Norton, of the 56th, (as acting officer of Engineers,) and Mr. Tremain, of the Commissariat, to the Grand Falls, for the purpose of removing all the provisions and stores stored there to the block-house, and also to bring up the Artillery-men stationed there to the same place.

Lieut. Norton was sent on the spot, supposed to be taken under the apprehension of difficulties arising between the two Governments, out of the affair of McLeod case in the State of New York, but of a more serious character, and would seem to transcend the limit fixed by agreement to the action of the British Government in the disputed Territory.

New Music.

That prince of musical caterers, J. F. Nunns, has just issued, from his head-quarters at 184 Chesnut street, an entire new stock of musical compositions, and we have a work for many a day. Foremost of the lot is an exquisite ballad by Catharine H. Waterman, entitled "Come to his love," which is music, by W. Kunkel, and which follows a sweet Trinidad air, by Mrs. Norton, to which she has written some most genu-ine words. We love her as naturally as we sip our coffee, without the aid of music, gallopades, or love spells. For the last of this consolation of good things, we have "Oh! think of me," by Heath, Esq.—and I am far from my native home,"—and those who doubt its beauty, or indeed that of any of the above pieces, let them call at Mr. Nunns' music store. We particularly recommend the "Love Spell" and the "Young Sailor."

We have also been favored with a new song, entitled, "He led Her to the Altar," published by A. Fiot, the words by Mr. Bayard, and the music by W. H. S. Bayley, writer of much merit. We particularly admire the melody, and predict for it great popularity. Mr. Bayley is, we believe, a native of this city, and has studied for the art, but his productions are always stamped with talent of a high order. We hope he will continue to write for us yet, however, unpublished—in several of the Norma songs, retaining as much as possible the spirit, without debasing it, and he will plough up a grave-yard for us to raise an ear of corn, or tear down statesmen, hallowed by the love associations contained in a large part of which to build a market-house. We have already a score of public squares, and the few such green spots as Washington square, and Independence square, are the case, but more especially should Independence Square be kept covered with its trees and verdure. There is no necessity for the removal of the trees, for the preservation is of more import than the convenience of a thousand more, dozens, of gingerbread stalls.

Breaking Open a Letter.

Stephen Oliver, the Postmaster at Boston, was tried in the U. S. Court at Boston, last week, for breaking open a letter deposited in that office. The Transcript says:—

The fact in this case, as it appeared in evidence, is that a letter was opened because it was suspected of being counterfeits, and of an obscure character, and which letter was found to contain a bank note of the Bank of Commerce, in this city, which bank note was counterfeit, and that a letter dropped into the box at Lynn, to be delivered in that place, and did not come within the meaning of the language laying, "letters to be conveyed by Post, (Statute 1825, ch. 275, sec. 21) and the 3d, that the letter was not sent to the person to whom it was delivered at the place where they are lodged. Judge Story says said he could not undertake to determine whether the letter was opened in the manner prescribed by law, or on the premises of the law, but he must be governed by the language of the statute, especially as the object of it was to prevent the certain parts of the press, which are not allowed, after advancing by some valuable purpose, to ensure impunity to the crime. The object of the private especially should examine the press. A single examination will be worth a column of reading.

Mr. Sumner, counsel for the defendant, in favor, which would, on their part, a chief to complete a cylinder press, of great value to the public.

Public Schools in New York.

It appears, says the New York sun, from the last report of the commissioners of this city, made to the year ending 31st May last, that the amount of funds distributed by them during the year was $130,213.97, of which $10,000 were distributed among eighteen—including the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and other schools of a peculiar character designated by the corporation. The whole number of children who received instruction in the course of the year in the various schools, aided by the public money, was 14,000, of whom 10,347 were in schools of the Public School Society. Average attendance quarterly 13,158; average attendance during the whole year, 12,826.

The Elections.

A number of the States elections have just taken place, and others will be held this month.

Alabama voted on the 2d inst. for Governor and Legislature. A dispatch from Mobile gives us the result of the election in that county.

"The vote for Gov. Lt. Governor and Congress has been the regular Whig candidate for representative about three hundred. Harrison's majority was about 900. But from the tone of the letter we infer there are a second Whig candidate in the field. In Jefferson County, Isaac D. Bright, (Dem.) has U. S. Senator, in election in the State Senate. Harrison's majority in the county but full exercised seven hundred. There were two Whig candidates, Sherwood and Floyd—rumors have elected the Whig ticket. In Franklin and Dauphin it is defeated. The two latter counties gave small majorities for Harrison, but had been Van Buren counties.

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A letter in the Globe, from Lexington, dated Aug. 3, says: "At the election in Fayette, on the 1st inst., Wm. Gay (Whig) had been guarded on Wurtzlitz, (Dem.) but is still one hundred and two votes behind, and the Democrats have no hope of his election. He will, I think, lose him are two hundred votes."

Kentucky.—The Whig and Democratic parties of this territory are at length in the field, with the lines drawn strictly, and the respective candidates for Territorial delegate announced—Gov. Dodge to the Democratic nominee, J. E. Arnold the Whig.

The Disputed Territory.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick has lately directed the Commissioner of Lands, Mr. Owen, residing at St. John, to visit all the Indian settlements on the river Saint John, for the purpose of obtaining correct information in regard to the number of Indians in that St. In compliance with this order he proceeded as far as Lake Temiscouata, and while at Temiscouata, Capt. Nelson, of the British Naval Engineers, arrived there express from Quebec, with instructions to put the various fortifications there into a complete state of defence, without delay. Mudge proof defences around the barracks of Temiscouata were immediately commenced by Capt. Nelson, and proceeded to the Depôt and the Little Falls at the mouth of the Madawaska river, where a new and very strong block-house is in course of erection. Capt. Nelson remained at the Little Falls to superintend the completion of the block-house and dispatched Lieut. Norton, of the 56th, (as acting officer of Engineers,) and Mr. Tremain, of the Commissariat, to the Grand Falls, for the purpose of removing all the provisions and stores stored there to the block-house, and also to bring up the Artillery-men stationed there to the same place.

Lieut. Norton was sent on the spot, supposed to be taken under the apprehension of difficulties arising between the two Governments, out of the affair of McLeod case in the State of New York, but of a more serious character, and would seem to transcend the limit fixed by agreement to the action of the British Government in the disputed Territory.

New Music.

That prince of musical caterers, J. F. Nunns, has just issued, from his head-quarters at 184 Chesnut street, an entire new stock of musical compositions, and we have a work for many a day. Foremost of the lot is an exquisite ballad by Catharine H. Waterman, entitled "Come to his love," which is music, by W. Kunkel, and which follows a sweet Trinidad air, by Mrs. Norton, to which she has written some most genu-ine words. We love her as naturally as we sip our coffee, without the aid of music, gallopades, or love spells. For the last of this consolation of good things, we have "Oh! think of me," by Heath, Esq.—and I am far from my native home,"—and those who doubt its beauty, or indeed that of any of the above pieces, let them call at Mr. Nunns' music store. We particularly recommend the "Love Spell" and the "Young Sailor."

We have also been favored with a new song, entitled, "He led Her to the Altar," published by A. Fiot, the words by Mr. Bayard, and the music by W. H. S. Bayley, writer of much merit. We particularly admire the melody, and predict for it great popularity. Mr. Bayley is, we believe, a native of this city, and has studied for the art, but his productions are always stamped with talent of a high order. We hope he will continue to write for us yet, however, unpublished—in several of the Norma songs, retaining as much as possible the spirit, without debasing it, and he will plough up a grave-yard for us to raise an ear of corn, or tear down statesmen, hallowed by the love associations contained in a large part of which to build a market-house. We have already a score of public squares, and the few such green spots as Washington square, and Independence square, are the case, but more especially should Independence Square be kept covered with its trees and verdure. There is no necessity for the removal of the trees, for the preservation is of more import than the convenience of a thousand more, dozens, of gingerbread stalls.

Curious Discovery.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from Canandaigua, says a discovery has been made in this county, from which results may be looked for with certainty. A sturdy oak, one of the primeval settlers, had been felled for the purpose of being converted into staves. During the process of hewing a number of incisions were discovered filled with evidently been made with some sharp instrument of iron or steel, and these incisions, having the present of having a number of letters cut in bold gothic characters, which, on being taken from the growth of one year. According to this idea, this country may have been traversed, years ago, by some adventurous race, in the use of iron and steel instruments; but whether of their own manufacturing or not, remains for the curious to enquire.

We, however, very much question whether the incisions were made by an iron or steel instrument. They might have been effected by a stone hatchet, such as was in common use with the Indians.

The Museum.

The splendid building known as the Philadelphia Museum, on the Chesnut street front, and the intervening work, at the Exchange, by Messrs. C. J. Wilson, Sandusky, Ohio, has been purchased by Mr. Peale, together with the ground now occupied by the New National Theatre, to a mortgage of $90,000, but the Museum property is free, unless the Theatre should be unable to pay, a loss sure than the full amount of the mortgage.

The sale was announced as positive, and the building and ground were knocked down to Doctor Patterson, for the Philosophical Society, for the small sum of $37,500. We understand that the Society intend removing the valuable library from their building in Fifth street, to the room now occupied by the Museum.

Axles of Locomotives.

A United States Engineer, writing from Belgium, speaks of the manufacture of locomotives and steam engines in that country. Louisville Gaz. We were successful in large proportion.

Clay's amendments vanished too much to state; again, and the latter opposing it because he considered the annexation undesirable to the interests of the United States.

Section 1. There shall be a Fiscal Bank established in the District of Columbia, with a capital of three millions of dollars, one third to be subscribed by the United States, and the residue by individuals, corporations or States. Congress may add twenty millions to the stock of the bank, to be subscribed in like manner, and to which to build a market-house. We have already a score of public squares, and the few such green spots as Washington square, and Independence square, are the case, but more especially should Independence Square be kept covered with its trees and verdure. There is no necessity for the removal of the trees, for the preservation is of more import than the convenience of a thousand more, dozens, of gingerbread stalls.

Breaking Open a Letter.

Stephen Oliver, the Postmaster at Boston, was tried in the U. S. Court at Boston, last week, for breaking open a letter deposited in that office. The Transcript says:—

The fact in this case, as it appeared in evidence, is that a letter was opened because it was suspected of being counterfeits, and of an obscure character, and which letter was found to contain a bank note of the Bank of Commerce, in this city, which bank note was counterfeit, and that a letter dropped into the box at Lynn, to be delivered in that place, and did not come within the meaning of the language laying, "letters to be conveyed by Post, (Statute 1825, ch. 275, sec. 21) and the 3d, that the letter was not sent to the person to whom it was delivered at the place where they are lodged. Judge Story said he could not undertake to determine whether the letter was opened in the manner prescribed by law, or on the premises of the law, but he must be governed by the language of the statute, especially as the object of it was to prevent the certain parts of the press, which are not allowed, after advancing by some valuable purpose, to ensure impunity to the crime. The object of the private especially should examine the press. A single examination will be worth a column of reading.

Mr. Sumner, counsel for the defendant, in favor, which would, on their part, a chief to complete a cylinder press, of great value to the public.

Public Schools in New York.

It appears, says the New York sun, from the last report of the commissioners of this city, made to the year ending 31st May last, that the amount of funds distributed by them during the year was $130,213.97, of which $10,000 were distributed among eighteen—including the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and other schools of a peculiar character designated by the corporation. The whole number of children who received instruction in the course of the year in the various schools, aided by the public money, was 14,000, of whom 10,347 were in schools of the Public School Society. Average attendance quarterly 13,158; average attendance during the whole year, 12,826.

Fiscal Bank Bill.

Passage of the Bank Bill—Letter to President on Saturday—Uncertainty of its Fate—Great Chance of Success—Letter of Mr. Clay—Speech of Mr. Sumner of the Bank Bill to Full.

It will be seen by our report of the Congressional News, that the Bank Bill passed the House of Representatives on Friday last, *in precisely the same condition in which it left the Senate*. The Senate refused to take up the bill as it came from the House, and the House refused to concur in the amendments made by the Senate, and the bill was carried up to the President, who desired the house to note the time—twenty minutes past one—it might be presented to him. The President has not signified his fate, but, as it has now been several days in the President's hands, it is supposed that he intends to sign it, on the ground that it will be vetoed. This is the conclusion to which was—as an independent neutral zone—have arrived at. We have also been favored with a letter from a friend of ours, a gentleman of the highest character, and would seem to transcend the limit fixed by agreement to the action of the British Government in the disputed Territory.

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New Publications.

SATURDAY LITERARY MESSENGER, *for July and August*, 1841.—This is a double-number. The leading paper is on "Space," and is evidently written by a writer acquainted with his subject, and capable of preserving both of the subject and the interest. The second paper is on "Music," and is evidently written by a writer who has made it a study. Mr. White can afford to purchase such an article. But we can assure them that the "Clarionet" is an old instrument, and that the music spoken of has been written others equally as fine, and equally as well republications. When we mention the titles of "Tam Sheikh," "The Flows of Spring-vale," and "The Dream of a Broken Heart," every literary man will at once admit the truth of our assertion. Let us on this point be understood—we do not object to the re-publication of old English tales in our Magazine—we only protest against the attempt to pass them off as original. We cordially recommend "The Clarionet" to the perusal of our friends. It is one of the simplest, but most exquisite tales we have ever read.

Park Benjamin graces this number with an excellent article on "The Press." His paper is a proud evidence of the genius of that sweet poetess. The essay alone is worth the price of the number.

There is an article on Leigh Hunt, by H. T. Tuckerman, a pleasant, though not very profound writer—some exquisite poetry entitled "Early Love" by Stanza the—a tale by Mrs. Caldwell, and a review of "The Journal of an American Naval Officer"—and a host of other matter, not one of the best quality, and those merits we have not space to speak, except that many of the tales are good, and some inferior even to publishers. But, considering the circumstances, the Messenger is a good, a very good Magazine.

Our fault we cannot help noticing, but it pertains to the business, therefore, we must notice it. Messrs. Graham & Gouldsmith, of the Saturday Courier, have issued their last new subscription to Graham's Magazine and the Saturday Courier, and Messrs. Graham & Gouldsmith, of the Saturday Courier, have issued their last new subscription to Graham's Magazine and the Saturday Courier, and

27 Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Caldwell, to whom we forward the manner and subscription to Graham's Magazine and the Saturday Courier, and

27 R. G. Easton and I. F. Easton, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

27 Mrs. Caldwell, Mississippi.

27 S. H. Stevenson and John Caldwell, Delaware.

27 W. M. Shaw and Mrs. Caldwell, Delaware.

27 Jacob E. Stevenson, Esq., to whom we are to say we regret for the trouble, but we have not received the money, and have not subscribers to Graham's Magazine and the Saturday Courier.

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27 Mrs. Caldwell, Mississippi.

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SATURDAY POST.

Terms of subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance! $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to send their letters addressed to us "Saturday Post" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and residences.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only if notice is given at the Publication if necessary for us.

Letters from agents of solvent Banks received in payment for our Subscribers.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remittances must always be made in money *current from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

27 John H. Thurston, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe are rather permitted, will be kind enough to call on him.

27 I. S. Jones is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stone and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

27 Thomas Stewart, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us by settling their accounts with him.

27 C. W. Jarvis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our local agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, and Kentucky, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hooker.

27 R. J. Lister and I. F. Lister for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

27 W. S. Peaker, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

27 S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

27 R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

27 Jacob B. Sommers, Esq. of Nazareth, Pa. will continue to act as our agent for that place.

27 Thomas P. Shaler is duly constituted an agent to solicit subscriptions and receive money for the Saturday Evening Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post.

27 Moses Beaumont and Wm. Bruton, Boston. Moses will forward the names and subscription money of any of our subscribers friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

27 I. Tompkin for the New England States. Subscribers in the above States, and those wishing to become subscribers will please inquire their accounts at once.

The Money Market.

We have omitted, for several weeks, our usual article on the money market, on account of the absence of any thing in that department worthy of particular record. We have still no change of importance in store for our readers to notice. For the last two months, the market has been easy, the rates ranging out of doors from 7 to 10 per cent per annum—most frequently at the latter rate of paper. Our banks continue to discount most of the short paper of a business kind that is submitted. Much interest is still felt with regard to the results of the next session of Congress. The Fiscal Bank Bill has been passed, but the doubt whether the President will sign it exercises considerable influence on the course of affairs. Many of our most far-sighted financiers, both here and in New York, question the possibility of the country using wildcats to stock of the Bank even if the bill should become a law. The uncertainty of the fate of the Bank Bill is another matter to be taken into account for the Senate some time ago, but has yet to be acted upon in the House. This bill, while it cannot be said to be in any way satisfactory upon certain sections, will call into play the energies of hundreds, nay, thousands of business men that would otherwise, as they have been compelled for some years, to remain in a condition of much inactivity.

The Public Debt is somewhat more unsteated. A good by number of Western merchants have arrived, and their purchases, although limited, are very fair, all things considered. The Market must however be very much affected during particularly sanguine. The West is evidently in the most embarrassed state, and it will be some time before she can shout our million and a half of dollars. Of this amount he is understood to have obtained some $300,000 in Boston, principally in the shape of U. S. 5 to 6 per cents—and $500,000 in this city, at 51 per cent., through Messrs. Keen, Rogers, Morris & Co. and others. The Bank Secretary had addressed himself, and a prompt offer at the same rate for the twelve millions. This was declined.

We cannot but think the Secretary mistaken the true interest of the Government in the mode in which he is seeking to raise this money.

Instead of coming into market with it at the full rate of interest, and for the full amount required, a loan which would at once make it an object for capitalists at home and abroad, he seems intent upon effort to save a little interest by peddling out the loan in small sums at down places, and thus in fact depreciate the credit of the whole and eventually well find himself obliged to pay more than if he had come boldly and openly in the way.

At the present rate of exchange, say 84 pens. a 85 per cent. stock, with only three years to run, cannot be used for a remittance, nor advantageously for an investment of foreign capital. 6 per cents are not to be obtained here, even with the objection of its short time, could be so used, and with the tendency of the exchange to rise, would undoubtedly be required shortly.

These remarks have some truth in them, but it is also to be borne in mind that the Government must have the Loan at as low a rate of interest as possible, and that it does not absolutely follow that, by this means, he will eventually make the Loan cost more to Government than by the other course.

We are indebted to Rickenell's Reporter for the following list of

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Bank of Vermont, Windsor, Vt.—$5's spurious. Put port to be engraved by the Eastern Bank Note Company. This company has never engraved any notes for the Bank of Vermont.

50's same signed H. Clark, others J. Harding Pres. All signed by the same persons are spurious.

Bank of Orleans, New Orleans.—Cashier's letter A. dated April 9, 1839. Engraving light and coarse. Signatures engraved and badly executed.

10's spurious. Vignette two eagles with the motto of Hope.

Bank of Illinois Mascoutine, Illinois.—It's letter C. put H. Cole, dated June 1, 1840. Vignette an Indian standing a team of cars. Engraving coarse.

Bank of Illinois, Quincy, Ill.—It's letter A. dated Sept. 4, 1840. They are signed John Wood, Cashier, John Grimes, President. Note table shorter than the genuine bill.

Middletown Bank, Middletown, Ct.—It's dated August 1840, J. Ward, Jr. Cashier, J. Ward, Sen. President. Vignette, a ship under sail, &c. Engraving dark and poorly executed. Filling up and signatures on one hand written.

Merchants' Exchange Bank, N. Y.—It's letter C. various dates.—Vignette a figure of Mercury, on left cargo. Hope, &c.

Hudson River Bank.—It's letter C. various dates.—Cashier, W. Judson, which name is not found on the genuine. Endorsement at seeing a railroad car in the distance.—Right end, railroad car, with lady and gentleman with big nose. Left end, same. Top and bottom, portion—Engraved by Rawdon, Clark & Co. Albany.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers. For the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
70	shares United States Bank,	13½
40	do. do.	13¾
10	do. Far & Mechanics Bank,	14
10	do. Girard Bank,	20
10	do. Commercial & Seaboard R. R.	20
11	do. do. do.	20
$1000	do. Schuylkill Navigation 6 s.	83
$500	do. 1870	83½
$500	do. 1859	83½
$7000	do. 1870	83½

A Touching and Beautiful Incident.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful little story than the following from the Hartford Courant.

It is remarkable that a friend—a young gentleman of fine intellect, of a noble heart, and one well known to many of our readers—should be suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy—in the full vigor of manhood—with that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him, he was summoned from the Supreme Court bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was married, placed a bridal wreath upon his brow, upon the tomb of which he had a few weeks privately engraven. The husband would never permit the grass to mat them, telling her the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bed side, and with his dying accents, told her that the home had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart stricken with grief, eagerly read the words, "*I have found that on earth—I will meet thee in heaven.*"

Congressional News.

Washington, Aug. 4, 1841.

In the House, a message was received from the President, stating that he has signed the bill making further provision for the support of pauper lunatics of the District; of course the rich lunatics must take care of themselves. A message was also received enclosing a communication from the Postmaster General, asking for an appropriation to complete the new post office building. It was referred to the committee on ways and means.

Mr. Campbell offered a resolution providing that, at o'clock on Friday next, all debate on the bank bill, and all amendments thereto, should cease.

After the disposal of some other matters, the House went into committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the National Bank bill.

Mr. Cushing moved the Fortification Bill was again taken up, and debated. The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, and then the Senate adjourned.

Washington, Aug. 5, 1841.

Yesterday evening the House went again into committee of the whole on the Bank Bill. The debate was further discussed and carried on by the opposition until 3 o'clock.

In the House, this morning, the consideration of the Bank Bill was resumed in committee of the whole, and from what was said, it is evident there will be a struggle to defeat the amendments of Mr. Clay in relation to the branches, so as to leave the States without any direct banking power to collect them. The House will probably remain in session until late o'clock.

In the Senate, after the reception of petitions, the bill for the relief of the widow of Major Benj. Barnes, was taken up and passed, with the amendment allowing them to trade in the navy-yard without paying both customs and duties. The bill appears to be some doubt as to whether the amendment will be concurred in by the House.

The House bill for fortifying the sea-coast was also taken up, amended, and ordered to a third reading.

The remainder of the day was taken up on the Navy Pension Bill.

Washington, August 6, 1841.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Navy Pension Bill.

The amendment returned upon the engrossment of the bill as amended. Mr. Calhoun moved that the Senate concur in the following amendment:

That all widows, or children of all naval officers and Marine officers, now deceased, or who shall hereafter die, or under proof of their pensions under the act of the 4th March, 1837, entitled "An act granting pensions to certain persons engaged in the land and naval service of the United States in the Revolutionary war," and the acts amendatory thereof, and who were entitled to pensions under the provisions of the said acts, shall be entitled to receive pensions under the provisions of this act, to commence from the time of their decease, and to continue for the term of five years, and no longer.

Mr. Calhoun opposed this amendment, and the act of 1837 was originally defined and discussed with great care. He wished that if this amendment was to be adopted the whole subject should be limited to those now on the roll, and that no others should be proposed or added to it. Mr. Calhoun moved to lay the amendment on the table, which was lost 21 to 20.

Mr. Buchanan moved to strike out from the above amendment "until otherwise directed by law" and to add thereto until the close of next session of Congress. His motion was agreed to without a division, and the bill as amended was engrossed without a count.

The Senate then went into executive session, and after some time spent thereon, adjourned.

In the House, the Bank Bill was under consideration in committee of the Whole on the Fiscal Bank of the United States, as soon as the reading of the journal was dispensed with. The debate was of a most interesting character.

The discussion in committee of the Whole was the most orderly and best conducted of any I have seen, both in the House and Senate. The debate came on, however, material and immaterial, were proposed, and without entering into any detailed account, we have only to say that to strike out Mr. Clay's compromise proposition, the Bank Bill would contain the essentials of a sound bill, and would enable the stock of the Bank even if the bill should become a law. The uncertainty of the fate of the Bank Bill is another matter to be taken into account. The Senate some time ago, but has yet to be acted upon in the House. This bill, while it cannot be said to be in any way satisfactory upon certain sections, will call into play the energies of hundreds, nay, thousands of business men that would otherwise, as they have been compelled for some years, to remain in a condition of much inactivity.

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General News.

Accidents at Easton.—On the 7th instant, as we learn from an attentive correspondent, William Depew, a son of Samuel Depew, of Easton, left home on a pleasure excursion and was found by some citizens about 9 A. M. mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of his own gun, the load of which lodged in the abdomen, and he expired about one in the afternoon.

Mr. Geo. Pearce was drowned in the Delaware some miles below Bristol, on Saturday afternoon. He was a resident of Easton, and is said to have been a good swimmer.

In the evening Thos. Elliott was seriously injured by the slipping of a rural boat, which he was assisting to get out of the Lehigh canal at this place. There were several others engaged with him who escaped without injury, by jumping into the river. He attempted to do the same, but was caught by the boat, and remained partly under water for more than a half hour, in the Sesame adjustment.

A Woman Murdered by her Husband.—We learn from Baltimore that a murder was committed on the Hookstown Road, about six and a half miles from that city on Wednesday evening week, between six and seven o'clock, which surpasses in brutality any thing we have ever heard of in real life. A man and his wife are the unfortunate parties. The husband, after having during the day at work in a field, returning home in a state of intoxication, and in a violent passion; in a burst of fury and from some unknown cause he shot her in the breast and arm, then broke his gun over her head and body which were beaten in a shocking manner, and disregarded to relate, the body was from the head to the feet cut and pierced with a knife, or some other sharp instrument. The body was found on Friday, and an inquest was held by Squire Bowman. The man was arrested and committed to Baltimore county Jail. He evinced no sign of the deepest remorse when he was arrested.

The Mysterious Murder.—The New York Tribune says that the fact, that two gentlemen, Messrs. Parker and Tilton, on the 25th ult., were witnesses in the circumstance which may possibly shed some light on the mysterious disappearance of the late Miss Mary C. Rogers. On Sunday, the 25th, while at Hoboken, they were in the immediate vicinity of the house of one of the others, as soon as they landed at Hoboken, left the boat and proceeded, some distance, when suddenly a boat landed there, rowed by three men, one of whom asked them if they had seen a pocket-book. They replied in the affirmative, and upon being asked what it contained, replied that it contained a pocket-book, and that was all. Upon this the man turned away, and they proceeded on their way. The last three named men were dressed as gentlemen, if he had seen a boat, and as well as could be seen in the dusk, which appears to be quite dark, they were evidently not sailors. Any further information that may be obtained will be given to the public.

Lewis Carey Beat.—The Baltimore American notices the death of Lewis Carey, which took place in that city on the 31st ult. Mr. Carey was born in Liverpool, Perry County Pa., and commenced his mercantile career in the interior of Maryland and Pennsylvania. He came many years ago to Baltimore, and was a successful merchant. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and his character was unimpeachable.

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Quick Work.—On Tuesday week a barn in the borough of York, Pa., was set on fire and burned to the ground; on Wednesday the incendiaries, Michael Zeigler and Nathaniel Pfeiffer, were arrested; on Thursday Zeigler was convicted by his own confession, and sentenced to two years' confinement in the penitentiary; and on Saturday night he he took up his quarters in one of the cells of that institution. The other prisoner, Pfeiffer, will be indicted for trial at the November term.

Lost or Lied.—The sloop Mary, loaded with wood and bound from Dennis' Creek to this city, was capsized during a sudden squall between two and three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 31st ult. Capt. Cook and her and the Captain, whose name is Williams, were drowned. The vessel has since arrived safely at this city in the steamboat Ohio on her return trip from Norfolk.

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Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers. For the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
70	shares United States Bank,	13½
40	do. do.	13¾
10	do. Far & Mechanics Bank,	14
10	do. Girard Bank,	20
10	do. Commercial & Seaboard R. R.	20
11	do. do. do.	20
$1000	do. Schuylkill Navigation 6 s.	83
$500	do. 1870	83½
$500	do. 1859	83½
$7000	do. 1870	83½

A Touching and Beautiful Incident.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful little story than the following from the Hartford Courant.

It is remarkable that a friend—a young gentleman of fine intellect, of a noble heart, and one well known to many of our readers—should be suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy—in the full vigor of manhood—with that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him, he was summoned from the Supreme Court bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was married, placed a bridal wreath upon his brow, upon the tomb of which he had a few weeks privately engraven. The husband would never permit the grass to mat them, telling her the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bed side, and with his dying accents, told her that the home had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart stricken with grief, eagerly read the words, "*I have found that on earth—I will meet thee in heaven.*"

Williamsons, the Horsestealer.

It will be remembered that in November 1839, the store of Mr. Finley, in Walnut street below Second, was broken into, and the robbers, Williamson and another were arrested. They were taken before the Mayor, and committed in default of $5000 bail. There or four days afterwards, they were at large, much to the surprise of Mr. Finley, who on inquiry, was told by the Deputy Attorney General, that he believed that the rogues had been released, with no understanding that they would give certain valuable information to the Police. Somewhat surprised at this, he went to the court-house and Hacker Stoate; and subsequently the store of Messrs. Davis, Palmer & Co., and Gilbert, Stone & Co., Boston, were robbed. For the latter robbery Messrs. Stone and Davis were apprehended, and Williamson turned states evidence against Neale, on certain conditions. Neale was convicted, and Williamson would have been discharged, but he was arrested by Neale on the robbery of Mr. Lemaire's store, and on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, was brought to this city. He was taken before Judge Randall on a *habeas corpus* and was by that judge remanded.

Yesterday he was taken before Aldermen Hay, on the old charge of having broken into Mr. Finley's store.

Mr. Finley swore to his identity, having found him in bed.

Mr. Jeremiah Smith testified that he saw him enter. On the part of the prisoner, officers Young and Blackburn testified that they had been in Neale's company for a considerable time, and that he was a man unworthy of credit.

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A Tale of Horror.

We copy the following account of the most distressing and heart-rending occurrence that has come under our knowledge, from the Louisville, Miss. Tablet, of the 14th ult.

One of the most awful deeds that has perhaps ever come within the knowledge of the human race, was perpetrated in this vicinity, on the 4th inst. We have it from the best authority, as Mrs. Hopper, *She killed three of her own children*, and then attempted to take her own life. From the information which we have received on the subject, it seems to have been done while she was under a fit of mental derangement. It was her intention to have killed herself also, but was prevented from doing so by having herself with a bunch of yarn, but her husband coming up, he succeeded in preventing her from her intention, and went her around the waist, after a strong struggle, by which time the neighbors had been alarmed, and in less than one of three knives from the ceiling, which she had secreted previously, and was about to make use of the door when he discovered what she had been doing.

She is the mother of eleven children, including the three which she killed. She appears now to be restored to her use in a pitiable degree of mental and bodily infirmity. She says that while under the influence of a fearful delusion, she thought she was discharging a charitable action in raising her husband of the cares of this world, and sending him to a better.

She is a poor and very hard working woman.

British Cotton in India.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers, stating that the cotton enterprise in India has been abandoned by the British. The statement is then a mistake, and says that the East India Telegraph, in speaking of the subject, describes the whole business as heedless, vain, unsupported by any principle of science, but adds—"If the accounts from other presidencies be true, the cotton crop of 1841 will be a most abundant and profitable employ from the date of their arrival at their destination."

This is a subject of much importance, and although we cannot say that we believe the British will displace Southern planters and Southern merchants of Congress from the cotton market, we have as yet seen no full account in the South of a disposition to examine it thoroughly.

Jenny's Hair Tonic.—After giving that article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes to be—a valuable article for the toilet, and for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. In many instances where the hair has fallen off, it has restored to heads which have been bald for years, and in all cases where it is greater than to recommend to all our readers who are losing their hair to make a trial of this Tonic immediately.—Boston Mercantile Journal.

17 Pressed only at No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef,	10a11	Figs, white,	81a10
Veal,	8a9	Figs, Smyrna,	12½
Mutton,	6a8	Fresh Figs, per lb.	12½
Lamb,	6a8	Fresh Figs, per do.	12½
Lamb per qr.	50a62½	Prunes, per lb.	12½
Veal,	6a8	Sauce Cheese, lb.	10
Veal per qr.	50a62½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	10
Pork,	6a8	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	10
Pork, pickled	6a8	Head Pudding,	5a 8
Hams,	10a12½	Pudding, Liver, lb.	5a 8
Hams, smoked	10a12½	Pudding, Liver, lb.	5a 8
Shoulders,	8a10	Pudding, Liver, lb.	5a 8
Shoulders, smoked	8a10	Pudding, Liver, lb.	5a 8
Corned Beef,	8a10	Pickles, per 100,	62½a75
Corned Beef,

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

Hobbledehoys.

BY DOZ.

"Not a man, but a boy, but a hobbledehoy."—*Old song.*

If there was a happy time
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan;
When manmas with her daughters will leave him alone,
If he will only seem to be there;
While, were he a man, or a little more grown,
They would never let him come near them.

Time, Lily! those were the days when you
Were my betrothed—curious theme—
When I thought it no honor to sue your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name;
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seemed half to invite me,
Lily! I must get over this,
When I kneed—and they did not hire me.

Oh! those were gladsome and fiery times,
And our hearts were ores in the spring,
When I penned my sighs in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing.
And don't you remember your mother's distress,
When she found in your desert no key,
And the beautiful bosom I wrote one day,
On the clothes that hung from your bosom?

And the one we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your rank you went to see,
And how I lay under the leafy bush
Till your governess went away;
And how when too long at your task you sat
Or a hemstore a kiss I wanted.
I'd bark like a dog, or moo like a cat,
Till she drove'd the place was haunted!

And do you not, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the ball,
When I penned your love-lad, and laced your stays
In the second and tightest row;
And do you forget the kiss you gave,
When I wore my hand with a pin,
And how you comforted the arm it would not shave
The beard from such horrible chin!

And do you remember the garden-wall
I climb'd up every night
And the turkey we made in the servants' hall,
When the wind blew out the candle?
When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt,
And I silenced her with a guinea note
And blunder how with a squirt?

And don't you remember the horrible hate
I got from the gardener's dog,
When John let me out of her kennel for spite
And she seized me in crossing the bog?
And how you wept when new scars we bled,
And number'd me with Love's martyrs—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters?

But, Lily! now I am grown a man,
And those days are all gone by,
And Fortune may give me the best she can
And the brightest dream of love,
But I would give every hope and joy
That my years may come upon
That I once more were that gladsome boy,
And that you were so young as then.

Abstinence of the Revolutions.—Colonel Wilson, Williams, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions, "If we are defeated in our struggles for Independence that day's work will make *bad work* for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for the rebel newspapers; I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I have affixed my name to the rebel Declaration. My sins are therefore too great to be pardoned by our royal master, and I then must be hanged. The other gentlemen answered:—"I believe that my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that hereafter I have written or done any thing obnoxious to the mother country." The immediate and prompt reply was—"Then, sir, *you deserve to be hanged!*"

Abstaining Scene.—The most soul-stirring scene we have heard of lately, took place at Detroit. The passengers had all got aboard the boat, and it was about leaving the wharf, when an old gentleman came on board crying out: "Hi! my son, my son, I must see him one moment!" "Well," said the captain, "hand him up quick." Anon, he came to a gentlemanly boy, 18 or 19 years of age; and, giving him a tender caress, muffling him a cloak, he cried, out.—"Here, my son, take this, and don't forget your cholera!"

Humbug in Business.—"Well," says Ichabod, "I never check any thing on the country, but your water is so confounded bad here in Boeting, that I must qualify it a little."

"Right," says Jonathan, "but don't let the folks see you doing so."

"Oh no! I can tell after 'em pretty sharp the first part of the day; but they look darned sharp after me the rest of the time."

An Elegant Compliment.—Mr Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honor and pleasure of your grace's company at Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said the Edinburgh is a vile, dull place—I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant gentleman, "the sun sets as well my, here's a vile dark morning, I won't rise today."

Legendary Tales.—In countries where education and learning abound, ingenuity and miraculous tales long ground; exciting but little interest and no belief, and at last almost becoming a dead letter. Mankind in a state of ignorance, with little education, are credulous, and fond of the marvelous; and there have not been wanting in all ages, men of craft and cunning to gratify that passion in others, and turn it to their own advantage.

Jayne's Expectorant.—"Mr Member of Congress, can I tell you some of Jaynes' Expectorant?"

"No sir."

"Why not?—capital thing for public speakers sir."

"May be so—but we members all *expect-to-raw* ourselves."

Jim Crow's Last.—One of Jim Crow Rice's recent verses, on the contemplated expedition from England, to rescue Mr Lind, is the following:

Jim talk of sending ten line of battle ships,
Which I reckon they'll be too late;
But they better send ten more of 'em,
To fetch dem collect too.

A Smart Scholar.—"How many noses are there?" asked a schoolmaster not long since of a little urchin. "Three sir," was the prompt answer. "Three! Tremont and Pigal." "Right my boy, and what is the aspect of external nature in the Torrid Zone?" "Are complete with *perpendicular* green all the year round," said Schalad.

Witty Reply.—A lad passing through a crowd, carrying a very heavy basket of "roasting oats," accidentally pushed a gentleman, who turned to him in anger, exclaiming:

"Boy, take care how you go; are you drunk?"

—No, not drunk, sir," quickly replied the lad, "only considerably *corned*."

Honey of the Right Sort.—The lady of a house not long since, ingenuously asked a Connecticut honey pedlar what his sweet commodity was made of. The sort of steady habits inherited her that "sweet made at all, but drinkin from Connecticut gals bin."

Jonathan Turned.—The Massachusetts are a little given to envy their brethren of the south the selling of wooden clocks, by the Yankees, in that State. *No Jonathan*, "issues," his time pieces for ninety-nine years.

Willkerness.—"My dear, had I you better warm your dear little toes?" she answered to her wife a week after marriage." "Keep your confounded feets out of the fire," he said and together afterwards.

A Sharp Hit.—"Isn't your hat sidesy?" inquired a little urchin of a man with a shocking bad one on. "No, why?" inquired the gentleman.—"Why, because I looks to if it was a long time since it had a nap."

A Token.—When you see a young mad-cap advertising a spouse, and offering a lot of lady's maintenance to get a dollar in cash, set him down for a promising young man.

Talking Fish.—If it is a current fact, that while there are so many kinds of fish to which man is subject, fishes are vested with only one kind, and that is pro-fish.

Ask or Lose.—The great art of life is to trust no false promises, but to ask the value of every thing to allow money thing so much as possible to take no-ems thereto.

Eloquent Inscription.—Inscription on the lunar neck collar of a hound:—"Bow! bow! bow! whose dog are you?" "I'm Percy Leggett's dog whose dog are you?"

Adam is Paradise.—"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an unsuitable "can spare" to her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband coolly.

Enough Said.—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tomb-stone of a lady.

Waiting for a Cue.—Well how did you like the sermon this afternoon?" "Good! I don know," said Sam. "I hand heard anuzzle bjorke my yet."

Reason's Sake.—Sign at a barber's window —"Gentlemen's ear locks trusted; and lady's hare hosted here to the lowest rate."

Dr. Guill's Ruse.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER."

And now, Charley, for Spain. I believe I told you what kind of fellows the Irish were—regular out and outers; we hadn't them now in the regiment that were not from the south of Ireland; the Boeca Cirrheas on their lips, fun and devilment in their eyes, and more devilery and humbug in their hearts, than in all the nuisses in the service put together. You could not say chaste words to them if he wasn't a real droll one; every man wrote his own songs, and sang them too; it was no small promotion could tempt a fellow to exchange out of the corps. You may think, then, when a great professional Sparks proved to be, we held a court-martial upon him the week after he joined; it was proved in evidence that he had never said a good thing in his life, and had about as much notion of a joke as a Cherokee has of the Court of Chancery; and, as his singing, Lord bless you! he had a tone with wonders in it, it was not to be heard, and then the look of him: those eyes, like drop-dead oysters, and the hair standing every way, like a field of insane flax, and the mouth, with a cut in it like the slit in the side of a fiddle. A pleasant fellow that for a mess, that always boasted the best dinner he ever ate, and never could get any.

"What's to be done with him?" said the major; "shall we tell him we are ordered to India, and leniently him about his liver?"

"Or die?" said I, "better him to it."

"Or drink him dry."

"Or get him into a fight, and wing him?"

"Or eat, said I, "better him to me; we'll laugh him out of the corps."

"Yes, we'll never have him to you, Maurice,' said the rest.

"And that day week you might read in the Gazette, 'Pierce Flynn O'Hagerty, to be ensign, tenth foot, vice Sparks promoted.'"

"But how was it done, Maurice? You haven't told me that yet."

"Nothing easier. I affected great intimacy with Sparks; borrowed over head and ears, multiply, in being attached to such a regiment, a damnable corps this—low, vulgar fellows—practical jokers and the kind of thing you could not call a joke. But, as for me, I've joined it partly from necessity. You, however, who might be in a regiment, I suppose, can conceive your reasoning in it."

"But why did you join, doctor?" said he; 'what necessity could have induced you?'

"Ah!" said I, looking very sad, "that is the secret; *that* is the hidden grief that must be buried in my own bosom."

"I saw that his curiosity was excited, and took every occasion to excite it further. At length, as if yielding to a sudden impulse of friendship, and having sworn him to secrecy, I took him aside, and began:

"'I may trust you, Sparks, I feel I may, and when I tell you that my honor, my very peace of mind, is at stake, you will judge of the importance of the trust.'

"The goggle eyes rolled fearfully, and his features whitened; the cut in the mouth opened like a cave.

"'You wish to know why I left the fifty-sixth. Now I'll tell you, but mind, you've pledged, you're sworn, never to divulge it.'

"Honor bright.'

"'There, that's enough; I've satisfied. It was a slight indiscretion of the articles of war; a little breach of the rules and regulations of the service; a trifling misconception of some code; but I was caught me one evening leaving the mess with—what do you think, in my pocket? but you'll never tell? No, no, I know you'll not; eight forks and a gravy spoon, and three forks every one of them, and a tie in it.'

"'Then, now,' said I, grasping his hand, 'you have my secret; my fame and character are in your hands; for, with all-enough misfortune, my misfortune; a man can't stay in a corps where he is laughed at.

"Covering my face with my handkerchief, as if to conceal my shame, I turned away and left Sparks to his meditations. That same evening we happened to have some strangers at mess, the bottle was passing freely round, and as I gave the toasts of the party at the top of their beat, when suddenly, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard demanding, in tones of the most pompous importance, a bumper to the health of the person upon a topic where the honor of the whole regiment was concerned.

"'I rise, gentlemen,' said Mr Sparks, 'with feelings most painful, whatever may have been the habit of late, and forgetful of the position of trust in which I am the regiment, I never believed that so flagrant an instance as this could occur. I rise, sir, to—

"'Oh! murder,' said I, 'Oh, Sparks darling sure you're not going to do that.'

"'Doctor Guill,' replied he in an austere tone, 'it is not possible for you to stop this meeting.'

"'Oh,' Sparks dear, will you be mercy on—

"'I have just been a fact that has just inspiring entirety, to which he replied by roar of enthusiastic detonation.

"'I have made up my mind, sir,' continued he, 'it is impossible that the officers of this corps may one more instant remain under the same roof with—but know it they shall.'

"'Out with it, Sparks—tell it by all means,' cried a number of voices, for it was clear to every one by this time, that I was the object of his wrath.

"'And, therefore, a confined volley of entreaty on one side, and of menace on the other, was the sequence on the other, Sparks bouncing.

"'Are you a man, gentlemen, to fly Quill left the fifty-sixth?'

"'No, no, no,' rang from all sides, 'let's have him.'

"'No, no,'" and he, turning toward me, "conceived an unpardonable—no, I will not say—but I'll name plain in his pocket—'

"They never let him finish, for a roar of laughter shook the table from one end to the other, while Sparks stamped and struck all the luck of feeling and gravity that could make him treat such a matter with safety, and pounded on the table with every one.

"'Oh! Maurice, Maurice,' cried the major, wiping his eyes, 'that is the best joke I've had this year.'

"'Gracious heaven!' screamed Sparks, 'can you laugh at it?'

"'Laugh, if it,' reechoed the paymaster, 'God grant I only don't burst a blood vessel,' and, once more, the sounds of merriment rose to the very tents nested for several minutes.

"'Mr Sparks Quill,' cried an old captain, 'you have been too heavy on the lad; why, Sparks, man, he's only a boy.'

Scarcely were the words spoken when he sprung from the room; the whole truth flashed at once upon his mind; in an instant he saw that he had exposed himself to the most ridiculous of all ridicule, and that all peace for him in that regiment at least was over.

"We got a glorious fellow in exchange for him; and Sparks descended into a cavalry regiment—I took your pardon, Charley—where he may be heard every morning, sing and quack intellect are by no certain information.

"Don't be angry, Charley, I'm sure you'll do yourself justice; no good bye for an hour or two."

Mr. Free's Song.

Am.— Aroul. Coffy, nor can't you be any?"

"Oh what wonders I find when my sadgeon's asleep,
And what pictures I paint when I'm dreaming!
Not a deil nor parade will I hear or no more,
When asleep in ireland I'm sleeping,
I'll tell how an ensign I was made on the spot,
And deserted them all at Talavera,
And then I'll just add, how my conduct the night
In learning to dance the Boleero.
Here by the moonshiner, we drank real wine,
And rose each day from a feast to a feast,
Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
'Arah, Mister—you don't say so?'

"I'll tell how the rapier, with the Arthur we spent,
Kept a ringing like in the air too,
Or name morning enough to be seen at a sight,
Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;
And some vain one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
Master Free, now—can't ye be aisy?
I'll tell how an ensign I was made on the spot,
And deserted them all at Talavera,
And then I'll just add, how my conduct the night
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